

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES A STIRRING SERMON.

Some People Are Always Looking Forward, Others Backward, But It Is Those Who Look Both Ways That Triumph on Life's Journey.

BROOKLYN, August 6, 1891.—The Rev. Dr. Talmage has chosen as the topic for today, a panorama of reminiscences appropriate to the season, the text selected being Psalm 39:3: "While I was musing the fire burned."

Here is David, the psalmist, with the forefinger of his right hand against his temple, the door shut against the world, engaged in contemplation. And it would be well for us to take the same posture often, closing the door against the world, while we sit down in sweet solitude to contemplate.

In a small island off the coast I once passed a Sabbath in delightful solitude, for I had resolved that I would have one day of entire quiet before I entered upon autumnal work. I thought to have spent the day in laying out plans for Christian work; but instead of that it became a day of tender reminiscence. I reviewed my pastorate; I shook hands with an old departed friend, whom I shall greet again when the curtains of life are lifted. The days of my boyhood came back, and I was 10 years of age, and I was 8, and I was 5. There was but one house on the island, and yet from Sabbath day-break, when the bird-chant woke me, until the evening melted into the bay, from shore to shore there were ten thousand memories, and the groves were ahum with voices that had long ago ceased.

Youth is apt too much to spend all its time in looking forward. Old age is apt too much to spend all its time in looking backward. People in mid-life and on the apex look both ways. It would be well for us, I think, however, to spend more time in reminiscence. By the constitution of our nature we spend most of the time looking forward. And the vast majority of people live not so much in the present as in the future. I find that you mean to make a reputation, you mean to establish yourself, and the advantages that you expect to achieve absorb a great deal of your time. But I see no harm in this, if it does not make you discontented with the present, or disqualify you for existing duties.

It is a useful thing sometimes to look back, and to see the dangers we have escaped, and to see the sorrows we have suffered, and the trials and wanderings of our earthly pilgrimage, and to sum up our enjoyments. I mean today, so far as God may help me, to stir up your memory of the past, so that in the review you may be encouraged and humbled, and urged to pray.

There is a chapel in Florence with a fresco by Guido. It was covered up with two inches of stucco until our American and European artists went there, and after long toil removed the covering and retraced the fresco. And I am aware that the memory of the past, with many of you, is all covered up with ten thousand obliterations, and I propose this morning, so far as the Lord may help me, to take away the covering, that the old picture may shine out again.

I want to bind in one sheaf all your past advantages, and I want to bind in another sheaf all your past adversities. It is a precious harvest, and I must be cautious how I swing the scythe.

Among the greatest advantages of your past life was an early home and its surroundings. The bad men of the day, for the most part, dip their heated passions out of the boiling spring of an unhappy home. We are not surprised that Byron's heart was a concentration of sin, when we hear his mother was abandoned, and that she made sport of his infirmity, and often called him "the lame brat." He who has vicious parents has to fight every inch of his way if he would maintain his integrity, and at last reach the home of the good in heaven.

Perhaps your early home was in the city. It may have been in the days when Canal street, New York, was far up-town. That old house in the city may have been demolished or changed to stores, and it seemed like sacrilege to you—for there was more meaning than plain house, in that small anteroom in a granite manor-ret cathedral. Looking on you see it as yesterday—the sitting-ones sat by the other at the and sis-into on

cows at night and find them wagging their heads through the bars. Ofttimes in the dusty and busy streets you wish you were home again on that cool grass, or in the hall of the farmhouse, through which there was the breath of new-mown hay or the blossom of buckwheat.

You may have in your windows now beautiful plants and flowers brought from across the seas, but not one of them stirs in your soul so much charm and memory as the old ivy and the yellow sunflower that stood sentinel along the garden-walk, and the forget-me-not playing hide-and-seek mid the long grass. The father who used to come in sunburnt from the fields, and sit down on the door-sill and wipe the sweat from his brow, may have gone to his ever lasting rest. The mother, who used to sit at the door a little bent over, cap and spectacles on, her face mellowing with the vicissitudes of many years, may have put down her gray head on the pillow in the valley, but forget that home you never will.

Have you thanked God for it? Have you rehearsed all these blessed reminiscences? Oh, thank God for a Christian father; thank God for a Christian mother; thank God for an early Christian altar at which you were taught to kneel; thank God for an early Christian home.

I bring to mind another passage in the history of your life. The day came when you set up your own household. The days passed along in quiet blessedness. You twain sat at the table morning and night and talked over your plans for the future. The most insignificant affair in your life became the subject of mutual consultation and advisement. You were so happy you felt you never could be any happier. One day a dark cloud hovered over your dwelling, and it got darker and darker; but out of that cloud the shining messenger of God descended to incarnate an immortal spirit. Two little feet started on an eternal journey, and you were to lead them; a gem to flash in heaven's coronet, and you to polish it; eternal ages of light and darkness watching the starting out of a newly-created being.

You rejoiced and you trembled at the responsibility that in your possession an immortal treasure was placed. You prayed and rejoiced, and wept and wondered, and prayed and rejoiced, and wept and wondered; you were earnest in supplication that you might lead it through life into the kingdom of God. There was a tremor in your earnestness. There was a double interest about that home. There was an additional interest why you should stay there and be faithful, and when in a few months your house was filled with the music of the child's laughter, you were struck through with the fact that you had a stupendous mission.

Have you kept that vow? Have you neglected any of these duties? Is your home as much to you as it used to be? Have those anticipations been gratified? God help you to-day in your solemn reminiscence, and let his mercy fall upon your soul if your kindness has been ill requited. God have mercy on the parent on the wrinkles of whose face is written the story of a child's sin. God have mercy on the mother who, in addition to her other pang, has the pang of a child's iniquity. Oh, there are many, many sad sounds in this sad world, but the saddest sound that is ever heard is the breaking of a mother's heart. Are there any here who remember that in that home they were unfaithful? Are there those who wandered off from that early home and left the mother to die with a broken heart? Oh, I stir that reminiscence to-day.

I find another point in your life history. You found one day you were in the wrong road; you could not sleep at night; there was just one word that seemed to sob through your banking house, or through your office, or your shop, or your bedroom, and that word was "eternity." You said, "I am not ready for it. O God, have mercy." The Lord heard. Peace came to your heart. You remember how your hand trembled as you took the cup of the holy communion. You remember the old minister who consecrated it, and you remember the church officials who carried it through the aisle; you remember the old people who at the close of the service took your hand in theirs in congratulating sympathy, as much as to say, "Welcome home, you lost prodigal;" and though those hands have all withered away, that communion Sabbath is resurrected to-day; it is resurrected with all its prayers, and songs, and tears, and sermons, and transfiguration. Have you kept those vows? Have you been a backslider? God help you! This day kneel at the foot of mercy and start again for heaven. Start to-day as you started then. I rouse your soul by that reminiscence.

But I must not spend any more of time in going over the advantages I just put them all in and I bind them up in one loud harvest Praise the portals on owned

"Halt!" and you halted; you grew pale, you comforted your first sorrow. You had no idea that the flush on your child's cheek was an unhealthy flush. You said it cannot be anything serious. Death in slippers feet walked round about the cradle. You did not hear the tread; but after awhile the truth flashed on you. You walked the floor. Oh, if you could, with your strong stout hand, have wrenched the child from the destroyer. You went to your room, and you said, "God, save my child! God, save my child!" The world seemed going out in darkness. You said, "I cannot bear it, I cannot bear it." You felt as if you could not put the lashes over the bright eyes, never to see them sparkle. Oh, if you could have taken that little one in your arms, and with it leaped into the grave, how gladly you would have done it! Oh, if you could let your property go, your houses go, your land and your storehouse go, how gladly you would have allowed them to depart if you could only have kept that one treasure!

But one day there arose from the heavens a chill blast that swept over the bedroom and instantly all the light went out and there was darkness—thick, murky, impenetrable, shuddering darkness. But God did not leave you there. Mercy spoke. As you were about to put that cup to your lips, God said, "Let it pass," and forthwith, as by the hand of angels, another cup was put into your hands; it was the cup of God's consolation. And as you have sometimes lifted the head of a wounded soldier, and poured wine into his lips, so God puts his left arm under your head, and with his right hand he pours into your lips the wine of his comfort and his consolation, and you looked at the empty cradle and you looked at the Lord's chastisement, and you said, "Even so, father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight."

Ah, it is your first trouble. How did you get over it? God comforted you. You have been a better man ever since. You have been a better woman ever since. In the jar of the closing gate of the sepulchre you heard the clanging of the opening gate of heaven, and you felt an irresistible drawing heavenward. You have been purer and holier of heart ever since that night when the little one for the last time put its arms around your neck and said, "Good night, papa; good night, mamma. Meet me in heaven."

But I must come down to your later sorrow. What was it? Perhaps it was sickness. The child's tread on the stair or the tick of a watch on the stand disturb you. Through the long and weary days you counted the figures in the carpet or the flowers in the wall paper. Oh, the weariness and exhaustion! Oh, the burning pangs! Would God it were morning, would God it were night, were your frequent cry. But you are better perhaps, even well. Have you thanked God that to-day you can come out in the fresh air; that you are in this place to hear God's name, and to sing God's praise, and to implore God's help, and to ask God's forgiveness? Bless the Lord who healeth all our diseases and redeemeth our lives from destruction.

Perhaps your last sorrow was a financial embarrassment. I congratulate some of you on your lucrative profession or occupation, on ornate apparel, on a commodious residence—everything you put your hand to seems to turn to gold. But there are others of you who are like the ship on which Paul sailed where two seas met, and you are broken by the violence of the waves. By an unadvised indorsement, or by a conjunction of unforeseen events, or by fire or storm, or a senseless panic, you have been flung headlong, and where you once dispensed great charities, now you have hard work to make the two ends meet.

Have you forgotten to thank God for your days of prosperity, and that through your trials some of you have made investments which will continue after the last bank of this world has exploded and the silver and gold are molten in fires of a burning world? Have you, amid all your losses and discouragements, forgot that there was bread on your table this morning, and that there shall be a shelter for your head from the storm, and there is air for your lungs, and blood for your heart, and light for your eye, and a glad and glorious and triumphant religion for your soul?

Perhaps your last trouble was a bereavement. That heart which in childhood was your refuge, the parental heart, and which has been a source of the quickest sympathy ever since, has suddenly become silent forever. And now sometimes, whenever in sudden annoyance and without deliberation you say, "I will go and tell mother," the thought flashes on you, "I have no mother." Or the father, with voice less tender, but a heart as earnest and loving—watchful of all your ways, exultant over your success without saying much, although the old people do talk it over by themselves—is taken away forever.

Or there was your companion in life, sharer of your joys and sorrows, taken, leaving the heart an old ruin, where the ill winds blow over a wide loneliness of desolation, the sands of desert driving across the place and bloomed like the garden and Abraham mourns for the cave of Machpelah. Go, path in life, suddenly, was an open grave.

And they saw it deep and a few it was a chasm your hopes and

the name of the comforter. He you. Did the of your arms? After it better ing to array ve it a palm adv to greet

you at your coming home. Blessed the broken heart that Jesus heals. Blessed the importunate cry that Jesus wipes away the tear.

Some years ago I was sailing down the St. John river, which is the Rhine and the Hudson commingled in one scene of beauty and grandeur, and while I was on the deck of the steamer a gentleman pointed out to me the places of interest, and he said, "All this is interval land, and it is the richest land in all the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia."

"What," said I, "do you mean by interval land?" "Well," he said, "this land is submerged for a part of the year; spring freshets come down, and all these plains are overflowed with the water, and the water leaves a rich deposit, and when the waters are gone the harvest springs up, and there is the grandest harvest that was ever reaped." And I instantly thought, "It is not the heights of the church and it is not the heights of this world that are the scenes of the greatest prosperity, but the soul over which the floods of sorrow have gone, the soul over which the freshets of tribulation have torn their way, that yields the greatest fruits of righteousness, and the richest harvest for time, and the richest harvest for eternity." Bless God that your soul is interval land.

But these reminiscences reach only to this morning. There is one more point of tremendous reminiscence, and that is the last hour of life, when we have to look over all our past existence. What a moment that will be! I place Napoleon's dying reminiscence on St. Helena beside Mrs. Judson's dying reminiscence in the harbor of St. Helena, the same island, twenty years after. Napoleon's dying reminiscence was one of delirium—as he exclaimed, "Head of the Army!" Mrs. Judson's dying reminiscence, as she came home from her missionary toil and her life of self-sacrifice for God, dying in the cabin of the ship in the harbor of St. Helena, was, "I always did love the Lord Jesus Christ." And then, the historian says, she fell into a sound sleep for an hour, and woke amid the sounds of angels.

I place the dying reminiscence of Augustus Caesar against the dying reminiscence of the Apostle Paul. The dying reminiscence of Augustus Caesar was, addressing his attendants, "Have I played my part well on the stage of life?" and they answered in the affirmative, and he said, "Why, then, don't you applaud me?" The dying reminiscence of Paul the Apostle was, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous judge will give me in that day, and not to me only, but to all them that love his appearing." Augustus Caesar died amid pomp and great surroundings. Paul uttered his dying reminiscence looking up through the roof of a dungeon. God grant that our dying pillow may be the closing of a useful life, and the opening of a glorious eternity.

NOTRE DAME.

Father Morrissey, the New President of the Celebrated Seat of Learning.

In accordance with the expressed wish of the late Rev. President Walsh, Rev. A. Morrissey, C. S. C., has been named to succeed him in the presidency of Notre Dame. It is an appointment which will give pleasure to the friends of the institution throughout the country, and is a guarantee of the continuance of the grand work carried on successfully by Father Walsh. Father Morrissey has been at Notre Dame since he was 12 years old, is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the venerable founder, and will bring to the discharge of the duties of his responsible office the resources of a rarely gifted mind combined with an intense devotedness and zeal in the cause of education. For a number of years he has held the position of director of studies at Notre Dame—an office which has brought him into daily and hourly contact with the students and enabled him to acquire that experience which will aid him to serve the best interests of the youthful minds entrusted to his charge. A thorough course of study has developed and perfected the talents with which nature endowed him. These, together with the eminently social and sympathetic qualities of a noble soul distinguish him as one well fitted for the exalted position to which he has been assigned. His powers as an orator are well known at Notre Dame and elsewhere and give him a commanding and magnetic influence with all whom he has relations. Broadminded in his views, he readily grasps all the various phases of a question submitted to his consideration and is quick to comprehend and deal with any impending issue. His friends are legion. To know him is at once to revere and respect him. The mantle of the lamented Father Walsh could not have fallen upon more worthy shoulders.—Notre Dame Scholastic.

ODD OCCURRENCES.

A dance house and concert house for the Gettysburg battlefield is now projected.

During the hot weather an enterprising shoemaker at Bristol, Pa. gives a plate of ice cream to each customer.

G. R. Nicholei, a barber of Marine City, Wis., reports extracting a hair from under the skin on the neck of a gentleman customer one day last week that was over two and one-half feet in length.

There is one place where a woman gets a man's pay for doing a man's work. It is the township of Marshfield, Maine, and any woman who wishes to work out her road tax can do so, and have her day's work counted for as much as a man's.

A LARGE ELECTRIC CONCERN.

Two Electric Lighting Companies of St. Louis Consolidate—Asphaltic Versus Wood.

St. Louis, Aug. 5.—For several months there have been rumors pointing to the consolidation of the Municipal and Missouri Electric Lighting companies of this city, and it now appears that the amalgamation has been completed, and that both companies will in future be known as the Edison Lighting company of St. Louis. The Municipal company has been before the local public for about four years. It obtained the contract for a long term for lighting the streets of St. Louis with arc lights at about \$80 a year a light, subject to discounts and deductions. The company proceeded to build what is still the largest arc lighting plant in the world, and started in on their contract with considerable energy. It was soon found, however, that the price being so much lower than that paid elsewhere there was little or no profit in the transaction, and for the last two years the company practically declined to erect additional lights when called upon. It has, however, made considerable money out of its commercial business. The Missouri company has the largest incandescent central station in America and has a very profitable business, chiefly of a commercial character. The consolidation will be an advantage to those having in charge the St. Louis festivities, as there will be additional facilities of securing an abundance of power. The trial illumination for the 1893 season takes place Saturday, Aug. 12, with upwards of 35,000 electric lights in the display and of even a larger number of gas lights. There will be set and pyrotechnic pieces illustrative of the discovery of America and of the country's prosperous and peaceful career.

It is proposed to add to the attractions of Forest park, the second largest municipal park in America, a large lake, which will be suitable for boating and other purposes. There is ample room in the park for this lake and the ground is so rolling in places that comparative little expense will be incurred in its construction. It is proposed to pipe the water from the Merrimac river near its source and thus have exceptionally cool and clear water in the lake. It has been suggested that the work house prisoners could be used to do the bulk of the excavating and a public subscription is likely to be raised to pay unavoidable expenses.

An interesting controversy is going on as to the relative merits of asphalt and wood for paving purposes. The first wood pavement laid in St. Louis a few years ago proved a complete failure, but the improved wood pavements laid within the last three or four years have been very popular and appear to be wearing well. The present street commissioner favors asphalt, and the enormous travel on the streets running east and west paved with this material shows its great popularity. During the spring and summer two main thoroughfares have been relaid with lake asphalt and the quantity of traffic they have drawn from parallel streets has been a matter of general comment. One of the theaters is by permission of the authorities laying a layer of asphalt over the granite blocks along the two fronts adjoining, and the experiment is watched with much interest. If it is a success the granite in front of several of the public buildings will be similarly coated.

The Real Estate Exchange reports an immense increase in the number of parties with small sums of money who are anxious to lay it on real estate. Several thousand dollars are being withdrawn daily from safe deposit vaults and invested in first mortgages on real estate and the effect on the market is marked. The holders of property are not sacrificing and are very confident as to the outcome. At an auction sale of a suburban subdivision this week the prices realized averaged more than 50 per cent above the highest prices paid at private sale in the sub-division, and there was quite a spirited competition among the bidders, most of whom purchased small home sites.

INNOCENCE ABROAD.

A gentleman returned to Washington from Norfolk, Va., tells this: He felt the need of a bath, but found the accommodations very meager. However, by tipping the colored attendant he secured the use of a tub and performed his ablutions. The next day he happened to ring up the same bell boy, who manifested much surprise. "Deed, boss, I s'posed you must be in New York or Chicago by dis' time." "Why?" inquired the Washingtonian. "You took a bath yistiddy," said the ebony attendant. "Well, what has that to do with my departure?" "Oh, nobody evah takes a bath here widout dey's goin' to leave town."

There is a gentleman living in the South who, although he had been to New York and some of the other northern cities, yet had never seen an elevator. Being called on business to Charleston, he went to one of the principal hotels, and registering, asked the clerk for a nice room. The clerk, calling a colored porter, said, "Take this gentleman to room No. 15." "Yes, sah," said the porter, and with a pompous air he picked up the valise and led the way to the elevator. Going in he put the valise on the floor. "Walk in, sah." The gentleman walked in, and, looking around in amazement, asked, "Is this the best room you can give me? Where's the bed?"

R. B. Shirley of Carlinville, Ill., was elected without opposition to succeed J. J. Phillip, as judge of the Fifth district.